

## The Evening World.

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## NOT "RIDICULOUS."

APPEARING before the Rules Committee of the House last Friday, Jackson H. Ralston, attorney for Assistant Secretary of Labor Post, charged, and reiterated the charge, that "agents of the Department of Justice have been organizing and creating branches of the Communist Party, presumably in order to have somebody to arrest."

"Such an attack might not merit much attention were it not that Federal Judge Anderson of Boston, after hearing a deportation case, made practically the same charge against the Department of Justice. Chairman Campbell of the Rules Committee challenged as 'ridiculous' Mr. Ralston's assertion that 'the administration of justice in this country has sunk to a lower level than in Russia during the regime of the Czar.'"

The question is not one for ridicule. Now that such charges have been made, whether by Mr. Ralston or Judge Anderson, the situation requires a thorough investigation.

The country must know whether Mr. Palmer, through his agents, has been forming Communist branches in order to have some one to arrest. Even the suspicion of such a condition is most disturbing. Let's have the facts. America is not yet ready to employ 'agents provocateurs.'

The French term is necessary. That we have no equivalent is significant.

## "ANTIQUATED EQUIPMENT."

MAYOR Hylan has taken steps to call to the immediate attention of the Board of Estimate the accumulations of ashes and rubbish in the streets of the Upper West Side.

The need of an energetic spring cleaning in this section of Manhattan has been graphically shown by the Evening World.

Commissioner McStay of the Street-Cleaning Department says his men have been doing their best with antiquated equipment.

It was the same story last February, when the streets were clogged with snow and ice and surface trolley lines were snowed under for days.

"Antiquated equipment." Isn't it about time the great City of New York put an end to that excuse?

There is nothing antiquated about the tax totals it requires from its citizens.

Why is so much of its street-cleaning machinery old junk?

## THE BOOKS ARE OPEN.

SENATOR PENROSE'S indorsement of Senator Knox as a Presidential possibility adds a new and decidedly interesting feature to the Republican nomination problem.

Senator Knox, according to Senator Penrose, is the best equipped all-around international statesman to meet the requirements of the situation.

Now the political dopesters have a new complication introduced into the convention puzzle. What disposition will be made of the unfrustrated "black and tan" delegates?

Frank Hitchcock is credited with great powers of persuasion in matters affecting Southern Republicans who look on postmasterships as a variety of glorified "watermillions." He took a trip through the South before announcing his enlistment in the Wood army.

Senator Penrose, now enrolled under the Knox banner, wintered in the South for his health, and for his well days he was strong enough to whisper little politics.

Hitchcock or Penrose, Wood or Knox, pay your money and take your choice. The books are open. Bets will be decided after the "black and tans" receive and act on their instructions.

## TEACH IT TO THE 'AFRICANS.

AN ENTERPRISING gentleman from British East Africa was in town the other day with a scheme to introduce American chewing gum to the African natives and put the dusky jaws of the dark continent in motion—to the substantial profit of American gum manufacturers.

It seems a grand idea. Squads of African gum-chewers could be trained and sent out in all directions to introduce the new habit and give it a flying start among Africa's millions.

In the old days it might have been possible to make a wad of "the fruitiest" and most durable look easily worth an ivory elephant's tusk or a bag of gold dust to the delighted native.

"Africans are more experienced traders to-day. But they are still a good market for an elemental luxury like chewing gum."

Gum-chewing might even exert a highly moral influence among the African native tribes. It might stimulate reflection, provide an outlet for pent-up energy, allay cannibalistic cravings and help the missionaries.

Best of all, a gum-chewing craze in Africa would

strengthen the hope of moving the centre of the gum-chewing population out of the United States, where it has remained long enough.

Let African lions, elephants and hippopotami take a turn at treading and sitting on discarded gum-wads. They could be trusted to deal adequately with the gum-dropper.

## PUT UP OR SHUT UP.

MAY DAY passed without a sign of the "red" terror of which Attorney General Palmer warned us.

Even "pink" radicalism was subdued in tone. Two explanations are possible.

The precautions resulting from Mr. Palmer's warning discouraged and prevented any "redness." Or—

No great enthusiasm for a "red" day existed, and there was no cause for the terror-raising warnings issued by Mr. Palmer.

Which was it? The public is anxious to know. Did Mr. Palmer have the evidence, or was he bluffing for the sake of publicity?

If he had evidence why did he not cause arrests for "conspiracy"?

"Conspiracy" has become a commonplace cause of prosecution in Mr. Palmer's department. It is applicable to trade unionists. Why not to Reds? He has caused many arrests on evidence not a whit more serious than he claimed to hold in connection with the May Day "plot."

At such a time, even the suspicion of "bluffing" is dangerous to National security.

It is true that many are willing to let such a bluff win without a show of hands.

There is, however, a large and increasing number who have become suspicious of the extravagance of the Attorney General's claims. They have seen him misdeclare other hands. They want to know what sort of a hand he held when he issued the May Day warning.

If Mr. Palmer is bluffing, Hoyle rules that he must show his hand when he is "called." Americans who have contributed their full stake in the National game are skeptical. They are calling for a showdown.

Did Mr. Palmer have the evidence to justify his warning?

May Day has passed, and the danger of revealing his hand ceases to exist. Now the American people want something more substantial than Mr. Palmer's unsupported word as justification.

They want prosecutions and convictions on the basis of the evidence he professed to hold.

Otherwise they demand frank confession. Put up or shut up, Mr. Palmer.

## HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING.

RUMORS of the impending formation of a new steel combine to include several of the more important competitors of the United States Steel Corporation have been affecting the stock market of late.

Formation of the Steel Corporation was attended by the most stupendous exhibition of stock watering which ever shocked the public. It is only fair to say that the directors reversed the flow in the pumps after the corporation was formed and that the present stocks are tolerably "dry."

Public opinion would not permit another such exhibition. A great increase in security valuations might force the enactment of restrictive laws most distasteful to the engineers of the Wall Street pump.

Recent events on the Stock Exchange lend plausibility to the supposition that a merger is contemplated. Several of the concerns most frequently mentioned in connection with the merger have declared stock dividends, have watered their own stock in advance.

Is this a new dodge of the hydraulic crew? Do they plan to have the liquid already supplied so that it may be possible to pool the pre-watered stocks share for share and without further inflation?

## WHAT DOES IT COST TO PAY?

UNCLE SAM'S Internal Revenue Bureau announces with justifiable pride that the average cost of collecting \$100 is only 53 cents, a trifle more than one-half of 1 per cent.

How about the other end of the transaction? What is the expense over and above the tax itself which Mr. John G. Taxpayer has to bear in paying his tax?

Does the man who pays get off with one-half of 1 per cent?

The instances in which he does would form the exception rather than the rule.

The taxpayer has the expense of the notarial oath, postage, perhaps a fee for a draft or money order. He may need the services of a lawyer or accountant.

At the best, a conscientious tax return requires a considerable expenditure of his own effort and time. At market rates for the time of those who pay the tax, the expense mounts rapidly.

Much of this could be saved by intelligent cooperation between the Revenue Bureau and Congress looking toward such a simplification of schedules as any corporation would consider essential in dealing with customers.

## "We're Pikers!"

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By J. H. Cassel



## FROM EVENING WORLD READERS

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred?

There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

## Evils of Combination.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The Evening World is doing good work in its efforts to bring down the cost of living, and I sincerely trust it will keep up hammering at the profiteers.

The greatest evils we have to combat are quantity buying and collective bargaining. The big man—retail and wholesale—can corner markets and drive the small man out of business. The safety of our country lies in the small—small business men—great numbers—not in big consolidations of a few big men. The small business man having something to lose will not upset the Government; but if the big consolidations of few men drive out the large numbers of small men there are only left combinations of capital and collective bargaining of labor.

Under such circumstances how long will our country exist? The successful merchant looks for a large number of small accounts and not for a small number of large accounts. Centralization is dangerous, whether applying to government or business. Let us have our boasted independence of our dollar and conditions will right themselves.

JUST A CRANK.

New York, April 29, 1920.

## Safety For the Elderly.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Scene: A busy intersection in New York City. The pedestrians are surging across the street, when, while many are only half way over, the traffic policeman's whistle blows; an aged man suddenly finds himself surrounded by whirling cars and trucks; he becomes confounded and staggered; an agonizing scream rings out and another victim is added to the yearly toll of our city's street accidents.

Moral: Let the traffic officer give the old folks a chance to cross in safety.

GEO. BLEASDALE.

325 East 14th Street, April 29, 1920.

## Un-Militaristic America.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Having read the letters of Julius Friedel and that of "Private," 85th Regiment, and another on military training, I beg leave of you to add a few words.

It is quite apparent that the writers of the latter are in favor of the training. I have already acquired the rudiments of a militaristic spirit, due to their connections with military organizations.

There is no question of the conduct and personal characters of the trainers. The issue is the principles and the purposes of which they are merely cogs in a great machine.

We have seen what militarism can do, and will continue to feel the effects of it for generations, probably. Out of it all we have gained little, but lost much.

The people thought so little of military training that, on the entry of the United States into the mad whirl-

pool of slaughter, it was found necessary to institute the draft in order to swell the ranks of our wonderful standing army.

Since then anything pertaining to war, or things militaristic, has received but small response from the people.

Young men passing a recruiting station are grabbed, and must listen to a din of nonsense about "free state," "free board," "everything." What an inducement! Where is our patriotism?

Patriotism is as great as ever, but no longer will we be anxious to fight for others and then hear ourselves cursed roundly for fools afterward.

Nominate Gen. Wood for President and you will soon see how the people stand on military training.

F. B.

New York, April 29, 1920.

## Where the Raise Should Be.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
K. W. Sanborn approves the increase in teachers' salaries. I am not a teacher, but I am with them, as all fair-minded citizens are. But I am against the high school teachers getting more. They get enough as it stands.

P. C.

Wadsworth School, April 28, 1920.

## Strong for the Bonus.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I heartily agree with everything A. K. said in his article published the 28th of this month. Of all the asinine speeches I have read Representative Good of Iowa made the worst. His arguments were absolutely ludicrous. He certainly did not have any one that was dear to him in this war. If he did they belonged to the Safety-First-Cold-Foot Brigade. I think it deplorable the way the boys are fighting for this bonus. The Government ought to give the bonus without any hesitation.

The boys gave up everything willingly to go that we at home might be happy and comfortable.

STRONG FOR THE BONUS.

## On Military Training.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have been training for about two and a half years during which time I have learned absolutely nothing about military routine aside from right face, squads right, etc. And I had all this in high school, as most likely did Clark and Friedel.

I am as good an American and perhaps better than most boys taking training. My patriotism and loyalty are not in the least influenced by it. Mr. Clark writes of protection, which I agree is vitally important, but, if he has taken military drill at the same army that I have he would not know the slightest detail about a gun—for the simple reason that we never had any.

The training commission is now introducing a recreation period, also compulsory, to relieve the monotony of the training. I believe this is done merely because they realize the uselessness of one and a half hours' marching without any variation. Many a time I feel tired at the end

## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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IF YOU HAVE A LIGHT, IT WILL SHINE.

Don't enlist in the great and hopeless army of the unappreciated.

The humblest man or woman will be appreciated if he or she happens to be useful.

Two years ago the servant girl was about as unappreciated as anybody we can think of.

She worked all hours at all things, for little pay.

To-day she is so much appreciated that she knows that as soon as she leaves one place a dozen women will be waiting to give her better pay.

These are times when any human effort is not only appreciated, but paid all it is worth.

If you sit around waiting for somebody to discover you, you will never be discovered.

It took the human race several millions of years to discover America, and America occupied nearly half of the land on the globe.

The Columbuses now engaged in making explorations will not be likely to find you unless you do something to attract their attention.

If a continent could be overlooked for aeons and aeons, how long do you think it would take to find you, sulking in your little obscure corner?

But if you have a light, it will shine.

If you can do any single thing better than most people, you will be discovered and very quickly.

People are looking for lights just now. Flash yours out and they will welcome it with eager eyes.

If you haven't a light, it is time you were cultivating one.

That means hard work and harder thought, but it can be done.

How many important men do you know of who were unheard of twenty years ago?

Hundreds and hundreds of them.

They flash across the horizon every day. But they are not comets. They have been busily trimming their lights for all those years.

And if you will start to trim yours, you too may arouse the astonished admiration of the world some day.

If you do not, you can count very confidently on remaining undiscovered for the remainder of your days.

Only recently have we begun to practice calisthenics, and that to make a fine showing to the public during a review to be held some time in May. It will show the public that we also have calisthenic exercises besides military drill.

Furthermore, the English used by these officers is a disgrace to our country. It is enough to discourage anybody. Now, as the summer approaches, we must sulky and reluctantly drill in that dark, dusty, noisy armory, listening, half asleep, to the dreame commands of our superiors, hoping every time to finish that dreadful work. I should think that all this is a setback to us, that it makes us tired and lazy instead of "developing a sense of alertness," as our friends, "Private," suggests.

By all means abolish military training. There is no good doing a lot of harm.

A VICTIM.

New York, April 29, 1920.

## The Love Stories of Great Novels

—BY—

Albert Payson Terhune

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## No. 77—SALAMMO, by Gustave Flaubert.

Hamilar, ruler of ancient Carthage, had a gloriously beautiful daughter, Salammo. Her loveliness went to the brain of many a man, but to none other's as much as to that of the mighty Matho, a soldier of fortune.

From the first time Matho set eyes on Salammo he could think of no other woman. Yet he knew how utterly hopeless was his chance of winning her; he, the rough mercenary, and she the daughter of the all-powerful Hamilar.

In a temple at Carthage was enshrined a sacred garment, known as "The Robe of Tanit." On the safe-keeping of this robe the safety and good fortune of Carthage was supposed to hang.

Matho had heard of this robe. In a fit of reckless bravado he made his way to its resting place and stole it. Then, carrying it to camp with him, he stirred up a revolt among his fellow mercenaries and marched against Carthage.

The rebels besieged the city and could not be driven off. The fall of Carthage seemed to be but a matter of a few days. "Matho drove back" all sorties and blocked the arrival of any reinforcements.

The chief priest of Carthage, fearing the city must be captured unless the sacred Robe of Tanit could be recovered. But Matho kept the robe in his tent, and none could take it from him.

Then the priest begged Salammo to steal out of the city by night and to seek the tent of Matho, there to entreat the rebel chief to give her the robe. Salammo loved her native city. From patriotism she accepted the terrible mission.

She found her way through the rebel host and to Matho's tent. The loveless mercenary leader raised his eyes and saw the glorious Salammo standing before him. In an ecstasy of delight he ran to greet her.

Matho could refuse nothing to this woman he adored. So when she left his tent Salammo took with her the Robe of Tanit and restored it to its temple in Carthage.

Instantly the fortunes of war changed. The Carthaginians overpowered the rebel army and made Matho a prisoner. On the day of Salammo's wedding to a nobleman of her father's choice Matho was led out into the presence of the wedding guests to be tortured to death.

The agonies inflicted upon the wretched captive could wring from him no sign of pain. But in the midst of his torture he lifted his eyes to Salammo's.

Into the girl's heart rushed back the memory of his love for her. The horror of seeing him in torment stopped the beating of her heart. She sank back from the sight, dead.

## News Flashes From Around The World

## A King Who Cooks.

Habibulla Khan, late Amir of Afghanistan, was no novice as a cook, says A. C. Jewett in the April number of Asia. It would have made an interesting picture if it could have been taken—the Amir squatting on his heels among the cooking pots. He used to have a sort of cooking tournament among his advisors. Often these cooking feasts would be held out in the open when His Majesty was on one of his outings.

## Toy Manufacturing in Italy.

It is reported that a serious attempt is being made in Italy to establish a highly artistic and technical toy-making enterprise. Before the war trainloads of toys of German origin found their way into Italy. For the past five years the shops of the country have been practically devoid of high-class toys. A strenuous effort is now being made, under the direction of skilled artists, to make the country independent of foreign production by the manufacture of both simple and complicated Italian toys.

## Salton Sea Sinking.

The Salton Sea in the Imperial Valley, one of the natural wonders of the West, is constantly shrinking. At present it is about eighteen miles long and nine miles wide at the greatest point. During the last five years the water is said to have retreated about a mile a year, leaving a salt-encrusted adobe land, which is eagerly seized by homesteaders. Often their location stakes are planted far out in the water. The sea, which lies 160 feet below the level of the ocean, abounds in fish, mullet and carp, which local and Arizona capitalists are planning to utilize by erection of a great cannery.